

Robin Hood and the Beggar.

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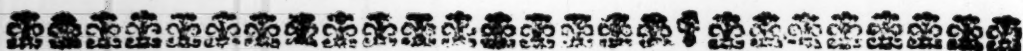
How Robin Hood and the Beggar fought, and how he changed Clothes with the Beggar, and how he went a begging to Nottingham, and how he saved three Brethren from being hang'd for stealing of Deer.

To the tune of, Robin Hood and the Stranger.



Come light and listen you Gentlemen all,
hey down, down, an a down,
That mirth do love for to bear,
and a story true, He tell unto you,
If that you will but draw near.
In elder times when merriment was,
hey down, &c,
And Archery was holden good,
there was an Out-law, as many did know,
Which Men called Robin Hood.
Upon a time it chanced so
hey down, &c.
Bold Robin was merry disposed,
his time to spend he did intend,
Either with friend or foe:
When he got by on a gallant brave steed,
hey down, &c.
The which was worth an ell ten,
with a mantle of green, most brave to be seen,
He lost all his merry-men.
And riding towards fair Nottingham,
hey down, &c.
Some pastime for to spy,
there was he aware of a jolly Beggar
As ere he beheld with his eye,

in his watch about the Beggar had one,
hey down, &c.
Which he daily did for to wear,
and many a bag, about him did bear;
Which made Robin Hood to him repair.
God-speed, God-speed, said Robin Hood,
hey down, &c.
What Country-man tell to me.
I am Yorkshire Sir, but ere you go far,
Some Charity give unto me.
Why to what wouldst thou have, said Robin Hood
hey down, &c.
I pray thee tell unto me,
no Lands, nor Livings, the Beggar he said,
But a penny for charity.
I have no money, said Robin Hood then,
hey down, &c.
But a Ranger within the Wood:
I am an Out-law, as many do know,
My name it is Robin Hood,
But yet I must tell the bonny Beggar,
hey down, &c.
That a bout with I must try:
The Coat of Gray say down I say,
And my mantle of Green shall I be



Robin Hood and the Beggar.

SHOOTING;

How Robin Hood and the Beggar fought, and how he changed Clothes with the Beggar, and how he went a begging to Nottingham, and how he saved three Brethren from being hang'd for stealing of Deer.

To the tune of, *Robin Hood and the Sheriff.*



Come light and listen you Gentlemen all,
hey down, down, an a down,
That mirth do love for to bear,
and a story true, He tell unto you,
If that you will but draw near.
In elder times when merriment was,
hey down, &c,
And Archery was holden good,
there was an Out-law, as many did know,
Which Men called Robin Hood.
Upon a time it chanced so
hey down, &c.
Bold Robin was merry disposed,
his time to spend he did intend,
Either with friend or foe:
When he got by on a gallant brave steed,
hey down, &c.
The which was worth an ell ten,
with a mantle of green, most brave to be seen,
He lost all his merry-men.
And riding towards fair Nottingham,
hey down, &c.
Some pastime for to spy,
there was he aware of a jolly Beggar
As ere he beheld with his eye,

in his watch coat the Beggar had one,
hey down, &c.
Which he daily did use for to wear,
and many a bag, about him did bear;
Which made Robin Hood to him repair.
God-speed, God-speed, said Robin Hood,
hey down, &c.
What Country-man tell to me.
I am Yorkshire Sir, but ere you go far,
Some Charity give unto me.
Why to that wouldst thou have, said Robin Hood
hey down, &c.
I pray thee tell unto me,
no Lands, nor Livings, the Beggar he said,
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I have no money, said Robin Hood then,
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But a Ranger within the Wood:
I am an Out-law, as many do know,
My name it is Robin Hood,
But yet I must tell the bonny Beggar,
hey down, &c.
That a bout with I must try:
The Coat of Gray say down I say,
And my mantle of Green shall I be

The second part, to the same tune:

Content, content, the Beggar he cry'd,
 hey down, down, an a down,
 Thy part it will be the worse,
 for I hope this bout to give thee the rout,
 And then have at thy Purse.
 The Beggar he had a michle long staffe,
 hey down, &c.
 And Robin had a Pat-brown Sword,
 in the Beggar drein nigh, and at Robin let fly,
 But gave him never a word.
 Fight on, fight on, said Robin Hood then,
 hey down, &c.
 This game well pleaseth me:
 for every blow that Robin did give,
 The Beggar gave buffets three.
 And fighting there full hard and sore,
 hey down, &c.
 Not far from Nottingham Town,
 they never flew, till from Robin head
 The blood came trickling down.
 O hold thy hand, said Robin Hood then,
 hey down, &c.
 And thou and I will agree:
 if that be true, the Beggar he said
 Thy Pantle come give unto me.
 Nay, a change, a change, cry'd Robin Hood
 hey down, &c.
 Thy Bago and Coat give me,
 and this Pantle of mine, tis to thee resign,
 My Horse and my braverie.
 When Robin had got the Beggars Clothes,
 hey down &c.
 He looked round about,
 Methinks, said he, I seem to be
 A Beggar brave and stout.
 For now I have a bag for my Bread,
 hey down, &c.
 So have I another for Coyn,
 I have one for Sult, another for Salt,
 And one for my little Hoyn.
 And now I will a begging goe
 hey down, &c.
 Some charity for to find,
 and if any more of Robin you'll know,
 In this second Part it's behind.
Now Robin he is to Nottingham bound,
 hey down, &c.
 With his bage hanging down to his knee,
 his staffe & his coat, scarce worth a great
 pet merrike passed he.
 As Robin he passed the streets along,
 hey down, &c.
 he heard a pitefull cry,

thet Brethren dar, as he did hear,
 Condemned were to dye.
 When Robin he highed to the Sheriffs,
 hey down, &c.
 Some Reliefe for to seek,
 he skipt, and leapt, and capozed full high,
 As he went along the street.
 But when to the Sheriffs doore he came
 hey down, &c.
 There a Gentleman fine and brave,
 theon Beggar, said he, come tell unto me
 What is it that thou wouldest have.
 For meat nor drink, said Robin Hood then,
 hey down, &c.
 That I come here to crave,
 but to beg the lives of preemen three,
 And that I saim would have.
 What cannot he, thou bold Beggar,
 hey down, &c.
 Their fact it is so clear;
 I tell to thee, hang'd they must be
 For stealing of our Kings Ware.
 But when to the Gallows they did come,
 hey down, &c.
 There was many a weeping eye
 O hold your peace, said Robin then,
 For certainly they shall not dye.
 When Robin he set his Poyn to his mouth,
 hey down, &c.
 And blaw but blawes three,
 till a hundred bold Archers brabe,
 Came kneeling dow to his knee.
 What is your will Master, they said,
 hey down, &c.
 We are here at your command.
 Shot East, shot West, said Robin then,
 and loke that you spare no man.
 Then they shot East, and they shot West,
 hey down, &c.
 Their arrows were so hæn;
 the Sheriffe he, and his companie,
 No longer must be seen.
 When he stopt to these Brethren three,
 hey down, &c.
 And away he had them tane,
 but the Sheriffe was cross & many a man lost;
 That dead lay on the plain.
 & away they went into the merry green-wood,
 hey down, &c.
 And sung with a merry gle,
 and Robin took these Brethren good;
 To be of his poyandrick.

T.R.]